

THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

ENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

"Of a Noisy World, With News From All Nations Lumbering at His Back."

\$1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance.

ELEVENTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY KENTUCKY. THURSDAY FEBRUARY 13, 1896.

NUMBER 46.

Winchester: Bank,

WINCHESTER, KY.

J. E. WITHERSPOON, President.

R. D. HUNTER, Cashier.

Up Capital, \$200,000.00.

Surplus, \$60,000.00.

This Bank solicits the accounts of merchants, farmers, traders and business men throughout Eastern Kentucky. It offers its customers every facility, and most liberal terms within the limits of accurate banking.

Oct. 1895

TRADERS DEPOSIT BANK,

MT. STERLING, KY.

Capital, \$200,000. Surplus, \$30,000.

M. BIGSTAFF, President.

O. L. KIRKPATRICK, Vice President.

W. W. THOMPSON, Cashier.

Willingly solicit the business of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky. A general banking business, giving us a chance to meet all your banking needs, and loan you money when in need.

W. W. THOMPSON, Cashier.

Broadway Millinery Store.

New Spring Styles

OF

Hats and Bonnets
OF EVERY GRADE AND PRICE.

Fancy Goods, Flowers, Hair Braids,

Ribbons, &c., at prices to suit the times.

Mrs. MAGGIE CULLUM,

No. 31 North Broadway, Lexington, Ky.

Recently removed from 49 N. Broadway.

COMBS HOUSE,

CAMPONT, KY.

J. B. HOLLOW, PROPRIETOR.

The patronage of the traveling public is respectfully solicited. Table the best, and every attention to the comfort of guests.

CLARENDON HOTEL,

Cor. Short and Limestone Streets,

JOS. M. SKAIN, Proprietor.

This house is only two squares from Lexington and Eastern (K. U.) depot, is first-class, and rates reasonable. The patronage of the mountain people is solicited, and the best treatment assured.

W. J. SEITZ,

WITH

W. M. KERR & CO.,

JOBERS IN

Hardware & Agricultural Implements,

IRONTON, O.

C. D. MOORE, WITH

BEN WILLIAMSON & CO.,

Hardware, Cutlery, &c.

CATLETTSBURG, KY.

SOLE agency for South Bend Plows.

CHARLES UHL,

WITH

REED, PEEBLES & CO.

WHOLESALE

Dry Goods & Notions,

PORTSMOUTH, O.

D. R. J. F. LOCKHART,

DENTIST,

EZEL, KY.

A. FLOYD BYRD,

Campont, Ky.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Attorney of the, furnished, collections made and prompt returns guaranteed.

Connected with the law firm of Wood & Day, Sterling, Ky., in civil practice.

A. HOWARD STAPER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

CAMPONT, KY.

Will practice in the courts of Wolfe and the neighboring counties. All business entrusted to me, will receive prompt attention.

G. JOHNSON,

J. H. SWANGO,

Hazel Green.

JOHNSON & SWANGO,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

Practice in the Wolfe county and circuit courts. Collections promptly made and abstracts of title furnished on short notice.

A. TAUZEE, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon,

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Surgery and obstetrics especially.

CORRESPONDENCE

MORGAN COUNTY.

Maytown Misses.

We are glad to report the sick of our town improving.

The ground hog has had a few days pretty rough weather, but he will stay out all the same.

R. A. Childers and his efficient clerk, Miss Flo, are now as busy as honest masons measuring calico.

Mrs. James Neff and her sister, Mrs. Mollie Cecil, of Stillwater, are visiting the family of their uncle, W. P. Sample.

Prof. J. L. Thomas has moved to Harry Little's, in Menefee county. By the way, he has made a start on the Masonic road.

County Attorney I. W. Rose, of West Liberty, was in town two days last week. Did not leave his business. Perhaps the widow on the corner could tell.

From some cause, Rev. Tyler did not get to his appointment Sunday. Rev. J. P. Lockhart filled the 11 o'clock appointment and Dr. J. W. Keadrick the night appointment. WINGLESS.

Ezal Evolutions.

Call court the 10th inst., at Ezal Murphy's.

Rev. Wm. Yocom preached in town Sunday.

Miss Ellen Welch is very low with consumption.

Emery Carr sold to Eli Cook a fine horse last week.

J. M. Henry, who has been sick for some time, is now better.

Harry Maupin, the dry goods man, remained in town over Sunday.

A phonologist visited our town last week and gave an interesting exhibition.

Lewis Henry and wife, of Caney, visited Mrs. Dus Pieratt Saturday and Sunday.

County Attorney I. W. Rose, of West Liberty, was over at "Squire Murphy's" court.

An entertainment will be given at the close of our school on the 11th of March.

Hazard Downing, the boss cattle buyer, was transacting business in town last week.

Dev. Dunegan, of Maytown, is attending a writing on the Long branch, near Ezel.

C. C. Maxey and wife, of West Liberty, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Pieratt, of this place.

Willie Perry, a hustling drummer representing the Paris Grocery Company, was in town this week.

DE JESSIE.

West Liberty Notes.

Quite a number of rafts went down Licking river last week.

Ten new pupils enrolled at the select school being taught by Jas. H. Swango, of your place. The school is prospering nicely.

Jonce Williams, who escaped from jail here last fall, was captured by Sam Dennis in Ohio and lodged in jail here last week.

Rev. J. S. Adams and wife have returned from Frankfort. Uncle Jonce thinks his chances for chaplain of the penitentiary not gilt edge.

Dasha Breckinridge, son of W. C. P. Breckinridge, in company with other revenue men, was here last week and destroyed several illicit stills.

Quite a compliment was passed on Hazel Green by a West Liberty attorney a few days ago. He observes that every town in the mountains has developed a craze for something, be it good or bad.

For instance, he says, West Liberty is a drummer's town. We have eight "knights of the grip" and many more would be ones, at Salvoyette everybody wants to be a bully and a braggart, notwithstanding their young men are well informed on all current issues.

At Jackson, he continued, they are out for filthy lucre in

steed of blood as formerly. At Martinsburg everything is a dead game sport and gamble for all that's out.

Beattyville is a town of "blind tigers" and Campion a necktieless town of horse swappers.

Ezel, he continued, is pious and her religious fanatics are as thick as thieves in Demasus. Hazel Green takes life philosophically. Education is the watchword and it is fast telling on this section of country. Your writer wishes every town may take the educational craze.

X. Y. Z.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of taxes due me for the years 1890-91 & 1893-94 and '95, I will give MONDAY, MARCH 2, 1896, between the hours of 3 o'clock p.m. and 4 o'clock p.m., at the court house door in the town of Campion, Wolfe county, Ky., to the county court day, expose to public sale the highest bidder, for cash in hand, the following described real estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said taxes and cost to wit:

District No. 3—Christena King, 150 acres, adjoining lands of Wm. Banks, years 1891-92 and '94. Cost \$19.51.

District No. 3—J. D. King, 150 acres, adj. lands of Wm. Banks, yrs. 1890-91 & 95 and '96. Cost \$27.11.

District No. 3—M. H. Kelly, 59 acres, adj. lands of Gentry Mullens, year 1894. Cost \$4.36.

District No. 3—P. Hoekes, 125 acres, adj. lands of R. T. Drake, year 1895. Cost \$5.24.

District No. 4—John S. Chapman, 20 acres, adj. lands of John S. Chapman, year 1895. Cost \$4.38.

District No. 4—John J. Sparks, 80 acres, adj. lands of older Sparks, yrs. 1892 and '95. Cost \$12.51.

District No. 4—Martha Kincaid, 3 acres, adj. lands of Amanda Bush, yrs. 1893 and '95. Cost 3.06.

District No. 4—Jacob Tealton, 20 acres, adj. lands of W. L. Spencer, year 1895. Cost \$3.15.

District No. 4—James Wireman, 20 acres, adj. lands of John S. Chapman, year 1895. Cost \$2.75.

District No. 5—John Pirdue, 300 acres, adj. lands of J. M. Burton, yrs. 1894 and '95. Cost \$9.62.

District No. 5—K. Wadkins, 30 acres, adj. lands of O. C. King, yrs. 1894 and '95. Cost \$8.41.

District No. 5—Leander Williams, 100 acres, adj. lands of A. J. Hollow, year 1895. Cost \$7.45.

JAS. K. COCKRAHAM, D. S. W. C.

Feb. 8, 1896.

Going to Lexington?

CALL ON

Fred. J. Heintz,
Manufacturing Jeweler,

Custom House Square.



PRESENTS FOR

EVERYBODY.

Our Prices

WITHIN YOUR REACH.



Only a Scar Remains

Baculum Cured—Blood Purified by

Hood's Saraparilla.

"C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass."

"It gives pleasure that I send a testimonial concerning what Hood's Saraparilla has done for me. I have been suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism for many years, but I have been greatly relieved by the use of Hood's Saraparilla. My mother advised me to use Hood's Saraparilla because

it has cured her of dyspepsia. She has been troubled with that complaint since childhood, but she has been greatly relieved by the use of Hood's Saraparilla. My mother advised me to use Hood's Saraparilla because

it has cured her of dyspepsia. She has been troubled with that complaint since childhood, but she has been greatly relieved by the use of Hood's Saraparilla. We

are now masticating this week.

Nine now masticates this week.

The best attendance in the history

of the school.

More boarders are at the academy

home than any time since it was built.

Some twelve or more pupils are

boarding with their kinsfolk in or

near town.

Quite a number of boarders

spent Saturday and Sunday at

their homes.

Quite a number have already

written, saying they would enroll

within a month.

Several pupils have been con-

tending with the "la grippe," but

none has stood within his "grip" more than three days.

The work of the Utile Dulci and

Habon Bon societies is up to the

best of such work, and much in-

terest is manifested by the mem-

bers.

Every pupil from a distance

should subscribe for THE HERALD

and send it home, that friends

might know something of what's

going on.

Two Christian preachers from

Brenton county are arranging to

move to Hazel Green and enter

school in the fall. Verily, this

may become a "school of the

prophet."

On the evening of March 13, a

debate will be held in the chapel

at Messrs. Williams, Swango, Gullett and Nickell, affirmative; and

Messrs. Atkinson, Givens, Mize and DeBusk, negative.

ACADEMIC NOTES.

Hobble, gobble, razzle, dazzle,

Cis, boom, ab!

Academie, we're out of sight,

Rash, raw, rab!

Nine now masticulates this week.

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Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they can-

not reach the diseased portion of

the ear. There is only one way to

cure Deafness, and that is by con-

stitutional remedies. Deafness is

caused by an inflamed condition

of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube

gets inflamed you have a rumbling

sound or imperfect hearing, and

when it is entirely closed Deafness

is the result, and unless the inflam-

mation can be taken out and this

tube restored to its normal condi-

tion, hearing will be destroyed for-

ever; nine cases out of ten are

caused by catarrh, which is nothing

but an inflamed condition of the

membrane.

We will give One Hundred Dol-

lars for any case of Deafness

(caused by catarrh) that cannot

be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

R. H. Cooper, manager of the

Torrent and Hazel Green telepho-

ne company, informs us that the line

will be ready for business today,

or not later than the end of this

week. He was at West Liberty</p

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher

HAZEL GREEN.

AN INCAPABLE CONGRESS. DISTRESSING INCOMPETENCE OF THE REPUBLICAN HOUSE.

The president urged congress not to take a holiday recess without making provision for a pressing financial emergency. Congress did not adjourn. It recognized the need of action at once if there was to be action in time to do any good. The house passed a tariff bill and a bond bill, neither of which was of any use whatever for the purpose of meeting the emergency.

Now we are told, after all this show of anxiety on the part of the house, that "senators feel there is no necessity for them to make haste," because "neither of these measures can pass for many long weeks, if not months." Therefore senators proposed in the most leisurely way to complete the organization of their house as a republican body and then talk of adjourning for a week without attempting to do anything in response to the president's appeal.

Thus we have a complete and distressing demonstration of the incapacity of either house of the present congress to act reasonably in a situation which demands prompt action. The one thing to be done was to provide for the maintenance of gold payments at a time when the gold reserve was liable to be exhausted in the absence of power to replenish it by means of borrowing. The president asked authority to borrow on the most favorable terms and to protect the reserve against further raids by canceling the redeemed legal tenders or at least holding them in the treasury so they could not be used again to empty the gold vaults.

The house responded by passing a tariff bill, knowing perfectly well that it could not be passed and put into effect in time to do any good, even if it could bring in any gold when in effect, and just before adjourning, six green and hairy shoots, about eight feet long and sharp-pointed. Above these, from between the two "plates," six white plume-like tendrils rise vertically about six feet. They are in constant motion, shooting and twirling around with bewildering rapidity. The faint hissing noise thereby produced strengthens the illusion that these tendrils are snakes performing a hideous dance.

Wilder and wilder grows the dance of the natives around the tree; wilder and wilder does the chant. Finally the savages, with their spears, surround one of the females, and as the power of their wicked javelins force her to mount to the top of the tree, there she sits, terror-stricken. The mob yell "Drink! Drink!" In desperation the unfortunate victim at last scoops up some of the watery liquid with the hollow of her hand, drinks it and jumps to her feet, shouting and gesticulating wildly among the vicious snaky tendrils.

The dance of the tendrils coils around her neck—other wind around her arms and legs. The savages give vent to horrible shrieks and more demented laughter. While her strength gradually grows fainter and fainter the horizontal hairy shoots suddenly rise one by one like great green snakes, and twine themselves with relentless force around her. It is a vivid interpretation of Lao-
coon's fate, without the beauty of that hero's death.

The woman struggles no longer. Now, almost incredible, the eight monsters leaves raise from their tips to a case of iron; they press closer and closer, until—oh, horrors! the serpent's store of teeth, mingled with the blood of the human sacrifice, oozes through the interstices.

With a yell of mad delight the savage rush to the tree and lap up every drop of the horrid fluid. The god is appeased. After hideous orgies the participants sink down one by one in convulsions and delirium to long insensibility, while the grim black tree continues to hold its victim in tight embrace.

—N. Y. World.

A Soldier of the Revolution.

Tonks wandering about the country of Rye, N. Y., recently found the neglected grave of Maj. Gen. Thomas Thomas, of Revolutionary fame. It was found in an out-of-the-way place, near the old Rye bridge, on the Boston post road. The grave was so covered with brambles as to be almost hidden from view. The tombstone was so crumpled and broken that it was with difficulty the inscription could be deciphered. The association of the Westchester County Historical society and of the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution had been called to the neglected spot. It was born in Harrison village in 1758 and died there in 1824. He commanded a company in 1776 and participated in the battles of Bunker Hill and White Plains. In the autumn of the same year a detachment of the British army burned his home and took his aged father a prisoner to New York, where he died in the prison jail. After the war Gen. Thomas served frequently in the state legislature. None of the old residents of Rye know of any living relatives of the dead general.—N. Y. World.

An Amendment.

"Mary," said Mr. Householder to his wife after a vain endeavor to sleep, despite a cold shot outside, "did you turn our cat out?"

"Yes, John."

"Well, just call him in again, and watch me turn him inside out."—Texas Biffling.

In a Looking Glass.

Householder—The press is the mirror of public opinion.

Stedman—It may be a mirror, but the people have a clutch on it and are so taken up with their own reflections as to show for anyone else—

for. But neither the increased tariff bill nor the bond bill will accomplish the relief of the treasury. The one is a sham measure, designed to restore a portion of McKinley's boom pretenses. The other is an alleged improvement on the present law authorizing the issue of bonds to protect the gold reserve. But the prospect of the benefit that might result from a proper law authorizing a bond issue is swept away in advance by the provisions of the bill. In deference to the popular element in the republican party, the provision was inserted for the payment of the bonds in "coin," instead of in gold. Another clause forbids the retirement of the greenbacks.

The president has investigated and finds that there is no prospect of any helpful legislation whatever. The house is simply trifling with a growing situation; the senate, organized as it is, cannot be relied upon for anything. Therefore, the president will propose to use the means that the law authorizes, to maintain the credit and integrity of this country, as he has done since March 4, 1894, when the republican administration handed over to him a bankrupt treasury. There will be an issue of bonds soon, we are told, under the law of 1875, to protect the gold reserve. The republican congress simply passes two sham measures to relieve the administration.—Utica Observer.

A ROBBED TARIF.

Dingley's Design to Defraud the American People.

The Dingley robber tariff bill (this bill almost rhymes with the "McKinley robber tariff bill") which the republican house passed by an almost unanimous party vote restores wool to the deplorable list. The proposition is to tax the people's clothing and blankets, and to impose the most outrageous taxes that can be inflicted on the consumers of the land—and all for the benefit of a few raisers of fancy sheep in Ohio.

The people have been fighting for free wool for many years, and, now that they have secured it, they will not willingly surrender the boon. The people declared for untaxed wool after a long and careful investigation, and there is no reason to suppose that they have changed their views. The attempt of the republican congress to reimpose an outrageous tax on wool will result in the regularization of that part of the cost of food.

Why did the republicans provide for a heavy tax on wool and woolen clothing in this Dingley bill? The real sheep raisers of the country did not ask for it. It will not benefit them. It will probably benefit a few men who are engaged in fancy stock raising, and who will thereby be enabled to rob the public of vast sums of money. But the general run of farmers who raise wool for the market will not only not be benefited—they will be injured by this outrageous tax.

The American Wool and Cotton Reporter gave an interesting review of the wool industry in the United States. It showed that during the last year the sales of raw wool in this country aggregated \$6,000,000 pounds, while the sales of the previous year showed that American wool had increased in price during the same period, precisely as the advocates of untaxed wool had predicted it would; it showed, too, that a remarkable development of the woolen industry had taken place since raw wool was placed on the free list.

Good all-wool clothes are cheap now, cheaper than ever before, notwithstanding the increase in the price of raw wool. This is accounted for by the fact that the foreign wool which enters into the goods is obtained with out any tax. It has been demonstrated that a cheap coat does not mean a cheap man under it.

No good reason can be assigned why the American people should wish to go back to the days of tax wool.

The wool tax is an outrageous one. Dingley's appears to be only Mo. McKinley's behind a new mask.—Illinoian State Register.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

—Since it has been placed aside the old tariff issue Mr. McKinley's boom has enjoyed something if its former excellent Health and chipper disposition.—Chicago Record (Ind.).

—Mr. Dingley's gross blunder in the preparation of a new tariff measure which he makes an abbreviated bobbin. McKinley's is gross even in a matter of detail. Mr. Dingley, chairman of the committee on ways and means, ought to have been well enough informed to save his committee from a blunder which designates the act as the act of August 27, 1894.—Chicago Chronicle.

—Unless the president's advice is taken on the financial question, the republicans will find themselves face to face with a situation that will appall them. Can they be so blind as not to see that in the present emergency the first thing to be done is to make the credit of this country free from every suspicion, and to make our currency such that no man need look at the condition of the gold reserve the first thing in the morning? The republican congress is playing a dangerous game.—Utica (N. Y.) Observer.

600 IN PRIZES ON OATS AND CORN
Last year we offered \$200 for the biggest yield of oats, 360 bushels Silver Mine Oats was the highest. This year we offer \$200 more on oats, \$100 on Silver King barley, a barley yielding 1893 116 bushels per acre, and \$100 on Golden Triumph Yellow Dend Corn, the corn of your dreams!

What's Teesing and Sand Vetch and Salsaline and Lathyrus and Giant Spurly and Giant Incarnate Clover and lots of such things? They'll make you rich if you plant a plenty. Catalogue tells you!

If you WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT WITH 10c postage to the John A. Sather Seed Co., LaCrosse, Wis., you will get free 100 grasses and grains, above oats, barley, corn and their catalogue. Catalogue alone, 10c.

What this country needs is maple sugar that will pass a thorough civil service examination at all seasons of the year.—Baltimore American.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for the capture of any of these can not be beat by Hall's Cather Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Prop., Toledo, O. We the undersigned, have known J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

DRUGS & TEA, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KIRK & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Cather Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

There never was a truer saying than that the man who dies his vials never deceives anybody but himself.—Bonneville Journal.

Cheap Excursions to Great Southwest.

From January 14 to February 11 and March 10, 1895, the Santa Fe Route will run a series of "homeseeker's" excursions from the East to principal points in Arkansas, Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Indian Territory and Texas.

Ticket rate will be about one fare for round trip, with liberal meals and stop-over privileges. The Santa Fe Route can easily enable you to take a Midwinter trip to a new country.

Dr. J. W. P. McNealy, N. Y., G. P. A., Monmouth Building, Chicago, Ill., can obtain free literature descriptive of the Great Southwest.

How CALMLY we may submit ourselves to the whims of him who bears up the world.—Lancet.

Sandspit Was Not Inexpensive.

For it was taken at a small, a physician built a residence, and a hotel. The patient's Siomach Bitters, may but defiance to the assaults of miasmic disease even in locomotion. Emigrates to the arid breeding sections of the West should bear this in mind, and start with a supply. The Bitters and kidney complaints, nervousness, constipation and biliousness.

DIZZY—"What's in that bottle—poison?"

Dooby—"I guess there must be; there isn't any label on it."—Roxbury Gazette.

PLEASANT, Wholesome, Speedy, for coughs is Hale's Honey of Horseradish and Tar. Pike's Footache Drops Cure one minute.

REINHOLD & DeLong Bros., Phila.

See that

hump?

It's the feature of the DeLONG Pat. Hook and Eye. No matter how you twist and turn, it holds the eye in place.

Send two cent stamp with name and address, and we will mail you Mother Goose in new clothes ten color plates; ten black and white pictures; and lots of pretty jingles.

REINHOLD & DeLong Bros., Phila.

WE HAVE NO AGENTS.

W. B. FRAZER, Secy.

Cottage & Harness Mfg. Co., Elkhart, Ind.

LIVE STOCK CUTS.

We will furnish samples of LIVE STOCK CUTS or any other Cuts shown in any specimen Book, at or below quoted prices for 10c.

A. N. KELLOGG NEWSPAPER CO.,

420 Elm Street, Cincinnati.

Be Sure

"Tis pure Cocoa, and not made by the so-called "Dutch Process."

Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure—no chemicals.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

Out of sorts

—and no wonder poor women who have to wash clothes and clean house in the old-fashioned way. They're tired, vexed, discouraged, out of sorts, with aching backs and aching hearts.

of their wives. Why don't they use Pearline (see ad)? That is what every woman who values her health and strength is coming to. And they're coming to it now, faster than ever.

Every day, Pearline's fame grows and its patrons increase in number. Hundreds of bright women who want to make washing easy

—and no wonder

think of the condition of those

poor women who have to wash clothes and clean house in the old-fashioned way.

They're tired, vexed, discouraged, out of sorts, with aching backs and aching hearts.

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They're tired, vexed, discouraged, out of sorts, with aching backs and aching hearts.

of their wives. Why don't they use Pearline (see ad)? That is what every woman who values her health and strength is coming to. And they're coming to it now, faster than ever.

Every day, Pearline's fame grows and its patrons increase in number. Hundreds of bright women who want to make washing easy

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THE HERALD.

Hazel Green Hearseys & Happenings.

Josh DeBusk sold a yoke of steers to John M. Rose.

Prof. Cord preached a fine sermon at the Christian church Sunday.

Willie Perry, representing the Paris Grocery Company, was in town last week.

Miss Sabina Tatlie, who has been quite ill, has so far convalesced as to be about.

W. R. Marrs, representing a wholesale hat house of Nashville, Tenn., was in town last week.

A good supply of old newspapers at this office for only 20 cents per hundred. Come quick as they sell fast.

H. F. Pieratt has purchased the DeBusk property on Main street and will occupy the same as a residence.

During the storm Monday night the new dwelling of George Wheeler, which had just been framed, was wrecked.

W. J. Waffins has just rented the Pieratt property on the heights and will board John H. Rose and his little son.

Miss Sarah Fisher, of this place, is visiting the family of Presiding Elder Moore of the M. E. church south, at London, Ky.

Harry Maupin, representing the wholesale dry goods house of R. L. Peebles & Co., of Portsmouth, O., was in town last week.

Dr. John A. Tanbloc has been confined to his home by ill health several days past. We trust the writing is nearly over.

Brock Anson bought a yoke of steers from J. M. McNeill for \$10, and will send the same with his other cattle to Mt. Sterling.

Judge Davis, of this place, the wholesale clothing house of Bettman, Blane & Co., was here viewing one merchant last week.

John M. Rose and Henry F. Pieratt have a bunch of fine old bestsellers in their stores this week, and they will take them to Mt. Sterling Monday.

Mrs. Maggie Kash, whose illness was reported in the column last week, has improved so much that we are glad to inform the towns about her healthful duties.

Mike Courtney, J. Florin Cox and a Mr. Allin were registered at the Day hotel the day in. They are all leaders in and have large interests in this section.

A Mr. Rigg and his wife, of Carter county, paid our office a call Wednesday. They were en route home from a visit to Mrs. Rigg's father, Silvester Haudsay, of Stillwater, this county.

W. J. Wallis was kicked on the shoulder by a horse on Tuesday evening last and has suffered considerable pain since, but as no bones were broken he will have no serious trouble.

Wm. H. Cord's subject at the Christian church next Sunday is "Walking with God." He invites everybody to come. He will also have something to say of the "Christian as a missionary."

Geo. Rice, the Franco-Prussian hero who has handled piano and harp in these parts for several years past, and by the way a widower of a million and means, will continue next month take unto him a little wife from among the fine girls of this place. She will be a good girl, I'm sure, in dignity, and in ability we extend our friend G. Rice our congratulations.

Our friend is in receipt of a nice present from the wife of a very black faced pup from Jacksonville, Ills., the laugher of her nieces at that place, and she is quite proud of the little animal, as it was a pet of her deceased sister. The pup is fat, fair and something less than forty, but bids fair to hold his flesh while fresh meat holds out. Schneider, don't you want to buy a dog?

Your Present Need

Is pale, rich blood, and a strong and healthy body, because with the approach of spring and the beginning of warmer weather your physical system will undergo radical changes. All the impurities which have accumulated during colder weather must now be expelled or serious consequences will result. The one true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today is Hood's Saraparilla. Its record of cures is unequalled. Its sales are the largest in the world. A few bottles of Hood's Saraparilla will prepare you for spring by purifying and enriching your blood and toning and invigorating your whole system.

When a man is troubled with sick-headaches all the world seems to have its hard pedal down; the day gets to be thirty-six hours long and life becomes unendurable. Let such a man go to the drug store and ask for Ramon's Tonic Liver Pills. They cost but 25 cents, and if anything in the world of medicino will make a healthy man of him, this is the remedy to do it. They are entirely harmless, and cannot fail to be of benefit. Sample free.

I Saves the Group Children.

STANLEY, Va., March 9, 1895.

We have a splendid sale on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and our customers, coming from far and near, speak of it in the highest strain. May have said that

their children would have died ofroup. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy had not been given to

Katherine Curran, for sale by John M. Rose.

John M. Rose is to be the most brilliant exponent for extended periods of time. Scientific critics have been unable to compound. Hundreds and thousands testify to this as it has saved many life and expense. So far this year

is the best. To us, it is a

real success, and we have a great

success in our business. We are

now in full sale.

An old Soldier of Chronic

Exhaustion.

During the year, John L. Hause, of Cincinnati, Ills., in a chronic disease, when the medicines of the market failed him, he sought out the services of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and it has now done more to help him than any other medicine. He is now in full health, and is a

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THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher

HAZEL GREEN, K.Y.

ON THE FENCE.

"It may be right sometimes in life to be up 'on the fence,'"
So father said, but in a way that kept us in suspense.
For he was as if he knew that we would all refuse
To think a man that's 'on the fence' of any earthly use.
But father said: 'I mean it, boys, but leave you all quite free
To be righted fore and aft before you disagree.'
But don't forget that circumstances sometimes rule a case.
And 'Prairie Dog' the fastest horse may fail to win the race.

Now father is a real 'tough' to handle in debate.
But all the boys concluded that he would come in late.
It may be right in his view that there was any sense
ever trying to a man who gets up 'on the fence.'

There was a twinkle in his eye we could not fail to see.
What we agreed that ev'ry man on the right side should be:
And when the wrong side he is on—he forced us to admit he's 'on the fence' the white he's climbing over it!

—T. M. Conpropt, in Chicago Record.

A LONG NIGHT RIDE.

How Gen. Miles' Black Horse Was Killed.

A horseback ride of 120 miles in 22 hours is no small undertaking when more than 12 hours of it are accomplished underneath "the solemn-faced moon." An ex-army officer told, the other day, of a ride of this character during which the moon cast more startling and terrifying shadows than ever fell before the vision of the most superstitious rabbit-foot darky who ever strayed into the village graveyard after nightfall.

It was September, 1874, when Gen. Nelson A. Miles, then colonel of the Fifth United States Infantry, was commanding an expedition against the Indians in Indian territory. All summer he had been following and fighting the Indians with indifferent success. Grass-fed ponies were fitter than corn-fed horses. But the grass, sun-dried and fire-damaged over great areas, was giving the Indians distress, as autumn came on, and the troops were alert to take advantage of the conditions to run the Indians down and out of their reservations at Fort Sill and Red-
no, or into the Cheyenne agency.

The troops were encamped on the Wichita river, near the 100th meridian, and in a couple of days' march of Lincoln, Colorado, and the great Shattuck Plains of Texas. Next morning, while the command were in their September cantonment, the whole camp was aroused from the quiet of waiting, like Micawber, for something to turn up by something turning up. Two scouts rode into camp—long-haired, weather-beaten, sun-dried, and strangers to all the scouts, buffalo hunters and soldiers of the command. They were "two gentlemen from Texas," and declared it with typicalunction; and then went on to say they were from Lieut. Col. Buell's command, of the Ninth United States cavalry, which was hot pursuit of a big band of Indians couring over the country 50 miles west of the camp on the Wichita.

The news set the camp up like a catamaran, shock, and soon made sure of the command suddenly as sick as if he had swallowed a scorpion on Mount Popocatapetl.

Gen. Miles galloped to the lieutenant of his staff and administered a dose by telling him to prepare for a ride to Adobe Walls, 120 miles away, up on the Canadian river, not far distant from the New Mexico boundary line of the Texas Panhandle.

"When, general?" was asked.

"Now! at once!"

And the lieutenant walked away to look at the trimmings of his armory, got a plug of tobacco from the commissary and put a can or two of cartridges in his pocketbook.

He hurried to the general's tent, he emphatically naked: "What sized de-
tachment shall I take?"

And the general, pointing to a single individual, a scout called "Prairie Dog" (Dave, Campbell), ironically re-
marked: "He'll go with you."

"But, general," the lieutenant had the temerity to interpose, "can't I have ten men, at least?"

"No. You would make too broad a trail, and two of you can get better through, if you do (consolingly), than if ten were sent out."

And then he explained the contents of a paper he handed the lieutenant, saying that a party of 300 Indians were being hunted by Col. Buell between his (the Wichita's) camp and Col. Compton's camp at Adobe Walls, and that the lieutenant's orders were to ride over to Adobe Walls (only 120 miles away) and give Col. Compton word of the chance to distinguish himself and command.

But, general, "tremulously" inter-
posed the lieutenant again, "I ought to have a good horse; who's played out."

"You can have the best in the con-
-tinue."

"I'll take your black horse"—eagerly spoken.

"All right."

Mounted on "the best horse in the command," the lieutenant set out on the ride at high noon, followed "cheerfully" by the caution: "Be careful not to run into the Indians," and it was moodily remembered there were 500 of them, and only the scout and himself if he did happen "to run into 'em."

"Prairie Dog" Dave was no mean rider for the expedition. He had hunted buffalo over the country for their hides, and by his indomitable, dauntless spirit of him had helped procure the Indians into the war, which the lieutenant, his companion, wished then and there might have been averted.

The trail from the camp led up the Wichita until the river ran out or ended in a lot of little ravines, which by easy ascent led up to a "divide." Over this the two had to cross a rolling prairie, on which "bunch grass" and "tumble weeds" were magnified into buffalo herds and their bands of Indians by the lieutenant. "Prairie Dog" Dave knew better, though he stopped to admire and borrowed the Indian's field glasses to scan the horizon. The divide curved down all of a sudden into "a break" that led down into Elk creek. For a mile a tortuous path was followed until the bottom land of Elk creek was attained—and a more picturesque sight was never photographed on the mind of men than was then impressed upon "Prairie Dog" Dave and comrade.

Emerging from "the creek," or little canyon, canyon onto the bottom lands, both feet as if they had come out "over the divide" into paradise—hunters' paradise. There were deer, bucks, does and fawns by the score in sight, feeding on the succulent grasses, and the ride was through the prairie hundreds of wild turkeys took to wing and a dozen or more elk scampered away, frightened by the two trespassers. The young lieutenant was mightily tempted to take a shot, and had the "buck-fever," like a chill-stricken patient of Dickens' "Eden." His comrade kept him, wisely, from wasting ammunition, and inviting the attention of any prowling Indian.

The creek crossed, the farther embankment of the stream was reached and ascended, and the two riders got to another divide just as the sun was sinking at the farther edge of the prairie, in "a sea of glory," nowhere as lurid, nowhere as lurid, nowhere as lurid, seemingly, as it appears on the plains.

Cautiously and expeditiously this divide was crossed, as Indians are at their worst when twilight falls.

A "break" of the Canadian was reached, and like the sun that had dipped behind the horizon the two horsemen went out of sight into the dark ravine.

And to add to the "dreadfulness in a-
voro," Gen. Miles' black horse began overreaching as he sped through the sands, and shoe hitting shoe, there began "a click-click" which helped the Indians in their pursuit when even the moonlight left the shadows of the sand dunes to hide the fugitives from the pursuers.

But the Indians gave over, but not before the lieutenant, chafed and tired out, had pleaded with "Prairie Dog" Dave "to make me stand die."

"Keep up, Lieutenant," was the scout's adjuration, never once believing "life was a failure," though death was so near impending.

The pursuit abandoned, after ten miles of yelling on the part of the Indians and a discretionary silence on the part of the white riders, the mess (or divide) on the left or north side of the Canadian was reached, and Adobe Walls became again the objective point of the expedition.

As the morning came on, away on the south side of the Canadian, the lights of a half a hundred camp fires were disclosed and the unwelcome and horrible sight shouted off: "The morning fight of Indians!"

Feeling of dismay, scout and comrade sought a *sul-de-sous* among the boulders, and there, waiting until full daylight, a squint was taken through "the glasses" at the camp.

"The line of troops" was seen, and the "old glory" in miniature as a cavalry guidon. A rub of the glasses to dispel possible chromatism, and a bee line was made for the camp.

It was Col. Buell's command of the Ninth United States cavalry.

After a hasty reception, a generous breakfast, during which the adventures of the night were told and the proximity of the Indians reported, "Prairie Dog" Dave and comrade for Adebowal, Col. Buell, put his command at the same time over the Indians who had so mordantly pursued his visitors of the night before.

A ride of 35 miles, uneventful, and "Prairie Dog" Dave and his comrade dismounted, or were lifted off their horses at Adobe Walls, Col. Herbert M. Bristol and Lieut. Hobart K. Bailey, Fifth United States Infantry, being the reception committee.

At 11 o'clock in the forenoon the ride began at 12 o'clock the day before was ended—120 miles traveled.

Next day Gen. Miles' black horse died.

The lieutenant is believed to be still in the sand dunes 30 miles west of Antelope hills, along about midnight.

"The Antelope hills" are not a range of hills, or a longitudinal upheaval on a dead level of prairie. There are only three of "the hills," great gypsum buttes, one 700 feet high, and no one

less than 400 feet, somehow buried out by a sweep of the waves or a great inland sea that once covered "the Great American desert."

But, dropping these hills out of sight, great landmarks as they are, the Canadian river was crossed, "Prairie Dog" Dave leading the way. Gen. Miles' black horse was kept well in hand to the rear—not thoughts of losing the horse, but a quicksand loss was apprehended for "man and beast."

The sand dunes reached, across the river, both riders dismounted for the first time after a ride of 12 hours. Both stretched themselves on the sand, soon becoming half buried—as these hillocks move about with almost an imperceptible gait, but yet to a sound as rhythmic as the fabled "singing sands" of mythology.

Remounting, the moon was continued, the moon at full, shining almost omniously.

The moon, dead silent, looking down upon the wide, open, far-stretched prairie and upon the two travelers, dreading and in fear, afraid to talk or whisper to one another—there's nothing like the moon under such considerations to make a man shiver.

Whirling in and out among the sand hillocks, the horses were put to their best along this footloose road until Sand creek was reached. A dry creek, waterless at all seasons of the year, Sand creek is fringed on either bank by a scrubby growth of trees.

As the two midnight prowlers crossed the creek and got into the timber on the west bank—

Two million dogs began barking at them!

There was no mistake about it; they were dogs, not coyotes, disturbed at a feast over the carcass of a buffalo.

Both felt, at once, that they had strayed into an Indian camp.

And they had!

Soon human voices mixed with those of the dogs, and lights could be seen—not fitting to and fro, as in soldiers' camps, but set to glowing from a score of camp fires. Right well defined in the moonlight, too, appeared a silhouetted group of Indians—not this time "elk antlers"—and they gave "the wild halloo" as they took a "snapshot" of the "white face."

"Prairie Dog" Dave and comrade wheeled about their horses and took to the sandhills, as never did the Indians to the sand flat on the borders of the Red sea, as related of old.

Two men fled on travel-tired horses before a double score of savages mounted on fresh ponies. Is it any wonder if the Canadian was reached, and like the sun that had dipped behind the horizon the two horsemen went out of sight into the dark ravine.

And to add to the "dreadfulness in a-
voro," Gen. Miles' black horse began overreaching as he sped through the sands, and shoe hitting shoe, there began "a click-click" which helped the Indians in their pursuit when even the moonlight left the shadows of the sand dunes to hide the fugitives from the pursuers.

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THE FARMING WORLD.

HIGH-PRICED BACON.

Selection of the Best Breeds and Feeds for This Purpose.

There are two all-important matters connected with the bacon trade which are entirely in the hands of the farmers, and which ought to receive every attention, viz., the breeding and feeding of pigs, says an exchange. Different breeds have different qualities, and while trying to improve the bacon of the farmers the necessity of fresh blood and careful attention to breeding it may be well to warn them against attempting to introduce a new breed of pig into a district. It is much the safer way for farmers to aim at the improvement of pigs which have been bred in a district than to attempt to introduce new breeds.

While this is so, care ought to be taken in the selection and introduction from other districts of high-class male animals to develop the points essential in good pigs. Speaking generally, short, dumpy boars and sows ought to be avoided, as it will be found that extra length of body not only adds much to the weight of the carcass, but insures a larger proportion of lean meat to the gross weight. Every care ought to be taken to prevent consanguinity or inbreeding. The evil effect of close breeding itself sooner or the case of pigs than by any other of our domestic animals, and therefore fresh blood is most essential. It will be found that a well-shaped pig can be reared, fed and brought in a shorter space of time, to a greater weight upon a smaller amount of food than a mongrel-bred one, while the bacon and hams cut from the carcass of a well-bred pig are superior in quality and command a higher price in the market. Even in the heavily stocked markets of the present day there is still "room at the top," and to-day there is still margin in the wholesale and retail markets between the price of ordinary bacon and those that exceed it by great quality.

The flesh of bacon is fed on wheat and distilled grain. The rags and mangolds are unsuitable for producing good bacon. The following foods are suitable for producing good bacon: Potatoes (cooked), milk, barley meal, oatmeal and crushed oats, pollard bran, wheat (ground), rye meal, Indian corn (used sparingly), ground and cooked.

It is said that one of the principal reasons why Danish bacon has taken such a hold on the English market, and has been so profitable to the farmers in Denmark, is the fact that they have fed their pigs largely on separated milk. Nor is milk feeding a new idea. For generations the cottagers in Cumbria and North Yorkshire have made a point of giving skimmed milk to their pigs for at least a month before they are killed for family use. Although seemingly an expensive feed, the use of milk has been found to add to the flavor of the meat and also to prevent waste in cooking. When creamy separated milk is available it may be used fresh from the separators, but if it has to be carried, or kept over, it ought to be heated to a temperature of 180 degrees at the creamery immediately after it is separated.

BALED CORN FODDER.

In a Few Years It Will Be a Standard Farm Product.

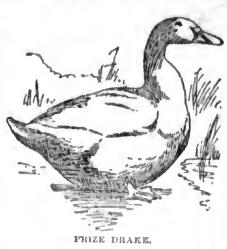
The delusion in the hay era of 1865 has directed attention to corn fodder as a substitute. In spite of its having been repeatedly proved, many farmers still leave it in the field exposed to the weather, and then bemoan the fact that their stock eat it unwillingly. To prevent the hardening and toughening of the woody fibers of the plant and to retain its palatability corn fodder must be properly cured, like hay. It should then be cut or shredded before feeding. If a cutter is used, the length is from two and a half to three inches. Shorter lengths are apt to stand on end in the animal's mouth, thereby rendering it sore. Only small

THE AYLESBURY DUCK.

Brief Description of a Breed Very Popular in England.

The breed takes its name from Aylesbury, England, where the duck rearing and fattening industry is carried on to an enormous extent. The whole district presents a most remarkable instance of poultry farming. Cottagers rear from 500 to 2,000 head a year, and there are plenty of large breeders. In no other part of the world are so many fowls raised on an equal area, and these birds all belong to the so-called Aylesbury breed, which is the favorite throughout England.

The full-grown Aylesbury duck



PHINE DRAKE.

is larger than the Pekin. It is generally considered more graceful, the body being long and well balanced, carrying the weight both forward and instead of merely the latter, like the American favorite. The plumage of the Aylesbury should be a spottish white, the legs of a deep orange hue, and the bill of a peculiar flesh-colored tint. The last is strongly insisted upon, and my birds whose bills are slightly off color will fail to bring the highest prices, even though otherwise without blemish. The reason for this prejudice is the general opinion that the flesh of the pure-bred Aylesbury is more delicately flavored than that of any other kind.

Aylesbury ducks have degenerated to such an extent in this country, owing to too much feeding; but by careful selection this tendency may be abated. Where there is plenty of clear water so as to enable it to swim, this is a very valuable breed. The ducks are sociable, very easily tamed, and cross well with either Rouen or Pekins.—N. Y. World.

ABOUT AFTER-SWARMS.

A Beekeeper Tells of a Simple Way to Prevent Them.

The best way I know to prevent after-swarms is to have all the bees that can fly go with the first swarm, and this is the way I manage it: Have all the colonies strong, even if it should be necessary to trouble them up in the spring so that they will swarm at the beginning of the honey flow. Then hive the prime swarm on the old stand, removing the super, if any, from the present hive to the swarm; then set the parent hive on top of the swarm's hive and allow it to remain there until the bees have come below with the swarm. About the afternoon of the second day, if the weather has been favorable, the parent colony will have become so depleted of bees that they will give up swarming a second time and will begin to carry out drone-brood. It is then safe to carry them to a new location; they will not swarm again, but will build up a strong colony, and will store some honey and a good colony to winter. In this way we get extra strong colonies that will store more honey than the original, and if the queen cell has been cut out, crowd the brood chamber with bees instead of contracting it.—George W. Stephens, in Nebraska Queen.

AMONG THE POULTRY.

Nearly all of the non-sitting breeds lay white eggs.

Numerous large eggs denote that the hens are too fat.

One way of preventing gapes is to feed on a clean surface.

Gather the eggs regularly now, otherwise they liable to become frozen and broken.

Small flocks, well cared for, will give the best results. Fifty is as many as should be together.

When the hens are closely confined they will thrive better if you can have something to do.

In selecting young pullets for breeding take the early hatched. They will bring stronger, healthier chickens.

The purpose for which fowls are fed is several, and each purpose requires food most naturally suited to it in order to secure the best results.—St. Louis Beekeeper.

Have pens for sick birds.

Every poultry yard in which, say, even 100 birds are reared annually should be provided with a place specially devoted to penning sick birds, where an invalid can be at once isolated and properly dosed. This place must be open to the sun, screened from east wind, dust dry, freely ventilated, yet free from draught, and warm. The hospital should be whitewashed with hot lime frequently, and perfect cleanliness maintained.—Farmers' Voice.

quantities may be cut at a time, as there is danger of heating. The shredder has many advantages over the cutter. The most prominent are the absence of sharp edges, the lack of waste and the fact that it can be baled like hay. The latter has caused it to be shipped to the city in some quantity. Unfortunately, buyers ignorant of its true value have generally passed it by. This is the fate of all new things. But the day will soon come when the market prices of shredded corn fodder will be as regularly quoted as those of hay, for which it is a cheap and excellent substitute.—N. Y. World.

The fact should be kept in mind that for excess of food over what is required maintenance and egg production will go to fat.

THE PACE THAT KILLS.

Fast Work and Fast Eating Make Three Score Years and Ten a Rip Old Age Three Days.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

The American people live too fast, eat too fast and drink too fast. This has brought upon many of us a train of nervous and stomach disorders that are very difficult to diagnose and difficult to cure. It will help those suffering from such ills to read "The American Physician," which has been issued by Dr. J. C. Sherry, of Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which has been taken very high rank as a specific remedy.

Dr. F. Owens, a traveling man thirty years of age, has been traveling the country and generally liked because he is bright, energetic young fellow, resides with his wife in a small town in Cincinatti, Ohio. He has been a victim of dyspepsia which took the form of continuous constipation and, strangely enough, his mother had the same trouble. Mr. Owens testified to the merits of Pink Pills, in a most enthusiastic way, and said

"I am not to be trifling them for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, because they did me good, and other people ought to have the same right. I have been troubled with dyspepsia for a long time, and did not consult a doctor but having heard of Williams' Pink Pills I bought a box of them. In two or three days the heavy feeling in my stomach disappeared, and I have not had any trouble since. I did not have to use more than a box of them before I was well. Since that time I have been using them every day, and I never get worried because I know just what to do. Mother was also troubled with dyspepsia and the Pink Pills did the same for her. I have had no trouble with them, they mother didn't, they mother didn't."

When appealed to Mrs. Owens answered: "I am not trifling them for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, because they did me good, and other people ought to have the same right. I have been troubled with dyspepsia for a long time, and did not consult a doctor but having heard of Williams' Pink Pills I bought a box of them. In two or three days the heavy feeling in my stomach disappeared, and I have not had any trouble since. I did not have to use more than a box of them before I was well. Since that time I have been using them every day, and I never get worried because I know just what to do. Mother was also troubled with dyspepsia and the Pink Pills did the same for her. I have had no trouble with them, they mother didn't, they mother didn't."

Mr. Owens continued: "at present I am not trifling them for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, because they did me good, and other people ought to have the same right. I have been troubled with dyspepsia for a long time, and did not consult a doctor but having heard of Williams' Pink Pills I bought a box of them. In two or three days the heavy feeling in my stomach disappeared, and I have not had any trouble since. I did not have to use more than a box of them before I was well. Since that time I have been using them every day, and I never get worried because I know just what to do. Mother was also troubled with dyspepsia and the Pink Pills did the same for her. I have had no trouble with them, they mother didn't, they mother didn't."

Mr. F. Owens has occupied several positions of trust in this city. He was for a time an employee of the Commercial Gazette, and for a few years past has been a few years past a prominent business house here. Mrs. Owens is quite as enthusiastic as her son about the Pink Pills and has told many friends can testify to the fact that they feel disposed to do so at any time. Who can doubt that Williams' Pink Pills as the Enquirer has found it to be there is certainly good reason to believe all the good things said—about the safe and

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

contain all the elements necessary to give new life and strength to the body, and to restore shattered nerves. They may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medical Company, Schenectady, N. Y., at \$6.00 per box, or six boxes for \$25.00.

It makes no difference how hard he may try, I don't believe that a red-nosed man can look coldly intellectual.

All About Western Farm Lands.

The "Corn Belt" is a monthly paper published by the Passenger Department of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad. It is intended to give the farmer information concerning western farm lands, what can be raised on them successfully, and the experience of those who have raised them. Copies of the paper will be sent to any address for one year on receipt of 25 cents. Postage stamps accepted. Address "The Corn Belt," 203 Adams St., Chicago.

"IS MARRIAGE a failure?" "No; not as a means of grace." "Er—what?" "It leads to repeataunce."—Truth.

People overdo the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generally known that Nymph of Pigs will permanently have a healthy, comfortable, and contented life will not be other laxatives, when act for a time, but finally injure the system.

There is no courage but in innocence; no constancy but in an honest cause.—Southern.

Poso's Cure for Consumption has saved me many a doctor's bill.—F. F. Hardy, Hopkins Place, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 2, '94.

Is taking the chances, first look out that they are not against you.—Truth.

THE CORN BELT.

A safe new open, and easily portable

The half-moon baby stock he built.

"I've got nothing to live for," he said,

and he mournfully turned away.

—Chicago Tribune.

Use the unjust and the just.

Alas the rain falls fast.

But the unjust frequently perjures the good number of the just.

And don't give up—Truth.

—Philadelphia Record.

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But the unjust frequently perjures the good number of the just.

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